

AUGUST 1988



Carte

Youth!

Volume 19

Number 15

August, 1968

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YOUTH magazine
is published
for high school young people
of the

United Church of Christ
and

The Episcopal Church

An Horizons edition is published
for young people of the
Church of the Brethren

YOUTH is also
recommended for use
among young people of the
Anglican Church of Canada

YOUTH magazine is published every
week throughout the year (except during
June and August, when monthly) by the United
Church Press. The Horizons Edition is
distributed to Brethren youth by the General
Brotherhood Board—Church of the Brethren.

Publication office: 1720 Chouteau Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo. 63103. Second class postage
paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional
mailing offices. Accepted for mailing at
special rate of postage, provided for in Section
1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized
March 30, 1943.

Subscription rates: Single subscription
\$3.00 a year. Group rates, five or more to one
address, \$2.40 each. Single copies, 15 cents
each, double issues, 25 cents.

Subscription offices: *United Church of
Christ:* Division of Publication, United Church
Board for Homeland Ministries, 1505 Race Street,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Episcopal Church:*
Circulation Department. YOUTH magazine,
Room 310, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia,
19102. *Church of the Brethren:* General
Brotherhood Board, 1451 Dundee Ave., Elgin,
Ill. 60120.

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FRONT COVER: photosynthesis
by sandy tyner.

the place

by teresa metzger

Deep in a bleeding
tulip's heart, hidden from the
world, look for your life.

Our retreat leader said, "You have two free hours," and dumped a piece of clay in each lap. For awhile it just sat there—sort of wet and cold and ugly, alien to my flowered shorts and tanned knees. *What a lot of nerve he has, I thought, and tried not to look panicked. I can't really appreciate art, much less produce it. Two hours "free." What a laugh. What gives him the right to expect. . . .* I tried to ignore the grey lump settling so insensitively into the material of my new bermudas.

Creative expression is really self expression. With a lump of clay, a pencil or brush, a piece of metal, a pallet of colors, each of us can dare to say "This is who I am right now," "This is what I'm thinking,"

"This is what the world looks like to me," "These are the questions I want to ask."

It is a frightening and exciting experience. It is agonizing. It is glorifying. With or without talent, the result is valuable. And after two hours, I guess even my little shapen lump was valuable.

As our staff judged the more than 3000 entries in this year's creative arts competition, it was with the knowledge that each piece was significant in itself. And we are convinced that what we selected as finalists are the best among those entries submitted to us. And we found enough worthy entries that we are printing a second issue of Creative Arts sometime later during this school year.

As in the past, each person who has an entry published in a Creative Arts issue receives 25 dollars. Even though the deadline for submitting creative arts for this 1968 competition was May 1, 1968, our staff welcomes your submitting creative expressions throughout the year for possible publication. We want this magazine to be a forum from which you and other youth can be heard. What's on your mind? How does the world look to you? What are the questions you want to ask?

TERESA METZGER, CLAYPOOL, IND. 14/1 have always tried to express myself—in singing, playing the piano and flute, and in writing. Strangely enough, I learned about haiku poetry in Bible School one summer. Attempting to say something meaningful in just 17 syllables challenged me. Each time I write a poem, I have a certain feeling which I have to express or I'll burst! With "The Place" I felt mysterious so I wrote of the mystery of life. MICHAEL BAUMGARTEN, PAWING, N. Y./My first association with photography was through the Kent School News and Yearbook in the winter of 1966. During this past spring I was granted by my school a leave of all classes under an Independent Study Program to photograph and write and also publish a photographic and literary essay on Independent School life. PAT LIGHTY, CARACAS, VENEZUELA, 14/1 started writing when we moved overseas last year because I had more free time from school and other activities. Many of my friends enjoyed hearing about the average summer of suburban kids. I remembered the many experiences I had had and just expressed them. JO ELLEN MARR, CHILLICOTHE, O., 17/When I wrote "The Search," I thought I was the only person asking these questions, but when a few of my friends and teachers read it, they admitted they had often wondered about those questions, too. I don't know what I would do if I couldn't express my emotions in words. It's sort of a way of taking a load off your back when you can tell other people how you feel. BECKY SCHLEMMER, PARMA, O., 18/1 have a theory that the first poet was simply a sensitive person whose confidant wasn't around when he had something of importance to say. So he wrote it down. Me, I don't even "have" a confidant. So I write all my thoughts down in poems, the most versatile and challenging form. And a poem lasts a lot longer than an outburst of emotion! DIANA STRAZDES, DORCHESTER, MASS., 14/1 feel so much a part of all the structures, land, and people around me; I want very much to react to all these beautiful things. I don't think I've ever "consciously" written poetry; it seems so natural to put on paper the words that are in me all the time. Tackling something artistically difficult to express is a revealing challenge; you're forced to pump every fiber of yourself into the work. Mostly, art is a search to find yourself. I want everything I express to say, "This is what I am." TOM ZWICKY, STURGEON BAY, WIS./"The Other Side of the Fence" was especially important to me. The first reason is that the story is grounded in truth. My brother is an excellent athlete and I am not. The second reason is that I feel the theme of the story is worthwhile. We must all realize that since we cannot be anyone but ourselves, we should indeed count our blessings and develop



teresa



michael



pat



jo ellen



becky

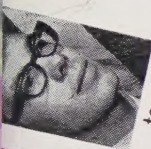


diana

shows the future. She's in a dream here. It shows that we should look ahead to our better days. JONATHAN THORNTON, GRINNELL, IOWA, 16/1 have worked in as many different media as I could, and am most intrigued by the elegant simplicity and striking contrasts of a successful woodblock. I also find the purely technical aspect of carving enjoyable. In "Self-Portrait" I tried to achieve the impressionistic and abbreviated effect that a single light source gives to a complex surface, a face. JUDY STEININGER, KETTERING, O., 16/My idea for the basic pencil design of "Confusion Plus" came to me at the beginning of this year when I entered high school as a sophomore. The ink and hair spray which I later added were more or less an experiment. This creative expression let me put my whole self into the work, and I found I had created a new type of drawing for myself. RANDY GEHRES, WREN, O., 18/The poem "Electric Fog" was written after a bull session with a small group of students from various parts of the country. I was driving through a patch of fog, reflecting on the feelings that had been expressed, when I realized the analogy between the fog and our thoughts, when I realized the analogy between the fog and our thoughts as youth. LINDA SWAGEL, STURGEON BAY, WIS., 17/Often it seems that there are students who are pressured into cheating; many of whom would not ordinarily cheat. As in the case of the character Meg, social acceptance served as a motive. I have about an A- average in school myself and there have been individuals who have asked to take advantage of it. It is very difficult to say no to a friend. The story practically wrote itself. TOM COOK, NEWTON, CONN., 17

I first became interested in photography as a serious medium about three years ago. My subjects are usually people. I try to represent their personality and individuality on film. I also try to express my own thoughts and feelings through my pictures, so the result is often a merging of the subject's personality and my own.

ROBERT MONTANER, PALM BEACH GARDENS, FLA., 17/My family fled from Cuba in 1960 and just this past year I became an American citizen. There are several writers in my family but I am the first to write in English. At times it is very hard for me to just tell people how I feel. Poetry lets me say even those things that I consider very close and personal to me. In "Sea of Brilliance" I am trying to find an answer to the "why?" of life. SANDRA TYNER, HANFORD, CALIF., 19/Creative expression is an escape from the dull things in life to the unique—realistic rendering of the uncommon or unusual rendering of the common. Brilliant colors, extreme texture, drastic somberness or surrealistic shapes define it. I like to think that my figures are unique because creative expression is escaping.



tom z.



jeanette



judy



jonathan



paul



linda



tom c.



robert



sandy

summer

by pat lichty

Long summer days,
Oppressive heat from a clear blue sky.
Parched brown grass,
Sticky asphalt,
Absolute quiet except for shouts from
Children,
Swimming,
Laughing,
In the cool water under big shady trees.

Summer.

Long hours in the dusk,
Playing,
Running,
Ice cream and cokes,
Softball and Spud,
Handball and Four-Square,
Bare feet on warm pavement,
And emptying yards as the
street lights came on.

Summer.

Hot humid nights when
Adults tossed and turned.

the search

by jo ellen marr

Who am I?

Am I meant to be great,
Humble and shy,
Prosperous and wealthy,
Fiendish and sly,
Athletic and buxom,
Forgiving and meek,
Scheming and powerful,
Gentle and weak?

Who am I?

Why am I here?

Am I just a wandering soul
With destination blank,
Ever knowing weary ways,
Without fortune, fame, or rank
A wanderer down life's deep, dark path
Blinded - - - - without sight.
What is my purpose on this crust?
This ball, this "fly by night?"

Why am I here?

What lies ahead?

Cold breezes and dewy grass.
The world was silent and
empty in the grey light.
As the sun rose,
A bird sang,
And childhood awoke for a new day.

Shall I wake up each wispy morn;
Another day unknown,
And spend my hours uselessly
Then ask where time has flown.
I know that something should be done
This precious time used right.
Can someone help me find the path?
Help me find the light?
What lies ahead?

At last my soul goes pounding on,
Hungry, but a jest,
Will I ever find the light
Before I'm put to rest?
Will I die a useless force
With nothing to present?
Ah, but life is short and will quickly pass—
And then, this quest is spent.
Why am I?

just between you'n a teen

by becky schlemmer

You're just like people,
aren't you, Lord?

You're just like my parents
and neighbors and teachers
(all the people I can't understand)
Rolled into one:

Like the mean parents
who lay down rules
for us fun an' freedom lovers.

Like the nosey neighbors
who gossip
and build big stories
from the little stories of our wrong-doings.
Like the old-fashioned teachers
who use their power to make us slaves
of knowledge-pursuit.

I'm afraid you're just like all these
un-understandable people, Lord:

You lay down rules like Mom does;
You blow up our little sins
so we can see their magnitude
through our consciences.

Then you turn around and tell us
to nurse a Christian way of life

the wood

by diana strazdes

dim-
mist
stars
shine
through
close
moving
sky
marshmallow
clouds poked by
dark slender
tree
twigs
pine
needles prick

...not just as I don't understand

Parents, friends and teachers,
I don't understand you.
Nor do I understand why I still love Mom, friends and teachers.
And even you, Lord,
Un-understandable you.

each clear
pearl
clung
to a tree,
pine and
cedar and
deep green
moss
and soft
orange
carpets
joyous
crickets and
me.



tria cherubim by Jeanette marty

the other side of the fence

by tom zwicky

The hard, cold highway stretched out snake-like in front of me. It was late November, that transitional season when Mother Nature has completed her work on fall for the year and is turning her efforts toward bringing off another winter. Both sides of the road were flanked by monotonous black fields, plowed under several weeks ago in anticipation of the autumn frosts. Due to the season and the dark clouds that covered the sky, hinting at the blizzards that were soon to come, dusk was deepening its grip on the windswept fields.

"Better turn the lights on," I said aloud to myself, trying to divert my thoughts at least temporarily. However, it did no good. My thoughts inevitably drifted back to Don, my older brother, whom I was now traveling to the Elm City bus station to pick up. I hadn't seen Don for almost four months since he had left home for Broodfield College in Ohio where he was receiving a juicy athletic scholarship.

In my mind I pictured him as he had looked when he had left for school that day last summer in order to be in time for football practice. Calm assurance, almost to the point of arrogance, seemed to radiate from his face in the firm set of his strong jaw and in the clear blue eyes under the neatly

This happened in all sports. Don was super-talented and I turned out to super-inept. As a matter of fact, the only competition I ever really made a showing in was a forensic meet. Wow, what glory.

When Don went away to school, I had thought my brother troubles were over. To my chagrin, things got worse. Don took on a really saint-like image in the old household. Whenever I did something a little off the choir boy side, my parents came in with cuties like, "Don never did anything like that when he was your age," or "Why can't you be more like Don?"

Sure, now and then they would say how they were proud that I made the honor roll and how it was good that I was involved in various school activities, but then they always threw in the line about how, "Everyone can't be good in sports." That kind of took everything out of it.

My thoughts were broken as I swung the red Chevy I was driving onto the left fork of the highway. Suddenly it dawned on me that the radio wasn't on and that WKZW always had popular music about this time of day. Reaching out, I flicked on the radio and automatically punched the

him going away to school, he would be somewhat forgotten and I for once would be able to live my own life. For you see, as long as I can remember, I have been merely existing somewhere in the shadow of Don's many accomplishments. My brother Don is what some people call a natural athlete. Even as a freshman in high school he had lettered in track in the weights and had made the varsity basketball team. With his six-foot-three-inch, 200-pound frame, there didn't seem to be anything he couldn't do. My five-foot-nine-inch, 140 pounds is, well, nothing to write to the muscle magazines about.

By the time I was a freshman, Don, a junior, already had quite a reputation made for himself. That year he made second team All Conference on the football team as fullback. I remember the way the coaches looked at me when, prodded by my family, I did what everyone expected me to do, go out for football. Their expectant smiles turned into patient grimaces when they found that both my feet seemed to be left and that I played with all the coordination and assurance of a day old calf. Football did harden me, I must admit, but just where it hardened me I don't exactly brag about. Basketball season turned out to be a sad repeat of my gridiron exploits. More callouses, you know where.

music exploded into the calm interior of the car and drove out all thoughts from my mind.

Almost before I knew it I had arrived at the bus station. Having been built about five years ago, it still looked pretty modern. Its smooth square lines dominated the area it was in, being surrounded by small stores and the large parking lot I now pulled into.

5:35. The big clock on one wall proclaimed its message for all who entered the well lighted lobby. People were hustling in all directions. Neat rows of padded seats partially filled with people lay between me and the ticket counter with its harried-looking clerk and the long line of travelers.

Scanning the benches in one corner of the room, my eyes quickly skimmed over a varied lot of mankind before resting on a tall, handsome young man casually reading a sports magazine. Typical, I thought as I walked over toward him.

"Hi, Don," I said. "Been waiting long?"

"Oh, hi Johnny."

Johnny, ugh! Boy I hate being called that, especially by him.

"How ya been?" I asked, brilliantly.

"Pretty good. How 'bout you?"

This scintillating discussion, hitting on how Mom and Dad were, the weather, and other deep subjects, provided at least an attempt at communica-

the other side of the fence (cont'd)

tion between us. Then silence, an awkward, stiff silence, engulfed us as we drove out of Elm City.

Back on the highway, both of us, I'm sure, wracked our brains for something to say to relieve the embarrassing silence. Don was the first to speak.

"You still in all those clubs and student council and things?"

"Yeah," I replied, mildly surprised at the question.

"You know," he continued, an odd note to his voice, "I always envied you with all your activities and that kind of thing."

Pulling the car back onto the right side of the road, my lower jaw nearly dropping to the floor-board, I started to protest. "You envied me? But . . ."

"I sure did, I guess I still do," he continued.

"You were always what I wished I could be, class officer, on the Bay Spray staff, actor in the school play, in all kinds of clubs, and on the honor roll besides. All those nights when I had to sit home and go to bed early because of a game the next day, you'd be gone to some club meeting or something.

Some of those nights I'd study hard to try and raise my grades a little, but no matter how hard I tried, I was always the dumb athlete and you always got the good grades. Besides, . . ."

"Wait a minute, what about . . ."

"Let me finish, I'm finally going to get this off my chest. I was always so busy with some sport that I never really got to know the kids in my class. You make friends so easily, but if somebody ever even smiles at me I didn't know what to do."

"But I've always wished I could be like you. . . ."

Before I knew it I had spilled out everything about how I had always felt like a failure and how I had envied him so much.

Suddenly we were both laughing, laughing at how the both of us had actually wished to be on the other side of the fence. I laughed so hard I could hardly keep the car on the road. The driver of that last car we passed must have thought I was drunk.

By the time we reached home we were acting like old friends who hadn't seen each other in years. And, you know, in a way we were.

self-portrait by jonathan thornon



confusion plus by judy steininger

thou shalt not steal

by linda swagel

Meg grasped the cold metal door handle with her clammy hand and, with a deliberately slow twist of her wrist, opened the door to the dreaded geometry room. The sweeping hush of the hinged blonde stained wood might as well have been blaring trumpets for all the attention it drew. Twenty-two pairs of eyes scanned the gaping entrance to the tiled hall and then riveted themselves to her oncoming figure. Meg turned her back on the drone of the corridor; and shoulders hunched as if in defense of a stinging blizzard, she meekly picked her way among the sea of cold distant faces. Fixing her eyes on the scuffed checkerboard linoleum floor, she eased herself rather awkwardly into her seat at the end of the second row adjacent to a long cracked plate glass window. The gentle slap of her notebooks on the arm of the desk was the signal for all heads to avert themselves and remain so throughout the rest of the classroom hour.

What's wrong with me?, Meg asked herself for the hundredth time since the beginning of her sophomore year, and for the hundredth time she stole a glance at the curly-haired girl to her left in

her complete loss of words. A curious jagged gray line streaked across the pages caused by an indistinct shadow of the taped crack in the window.

"A dark shadow in my life. A potential threat. That's just what Monica's been from the first test day in this class," Meg thought as she traced the faint shadow on the page with her finger. But she could so easily be a mixed blessing, she despaired. One gesture on Monica's part could help so much to put Meg in on the social life she so longed to live. But there it was again, just as it had been every Friday from that first quiz. The sly remarks and hints of how she should help her "buddy" in the back row, and how she shouldn't turn in her test paper until Monica had a chance to check it. Meg had anticipated this moment ever since bespectacled Mr. Carl had announced the six weeks' test for today.

Her calculations had been right. Already the half-joking manner had been discarded for something much more direct. Not even forced concentration on complex mathematical terms or the sunburnished trees near the parking lot beneath the window could make her ignore the piercing stare on

just had to be transferred," she sighed to herself. Abruptly the girl leaned forward and began talking to the boy in front of her, and again Meg retreated into her buffeted shell. Well, I had to review that formula for the test anyway, she consoled herself. Crossing her thick-ankled legs, she was about to be absorbed into the mysteries of the polynomial, when a syrupy voice drifted her way and cut off her train of thought.

"Study a lot, . . . Brain?" The name was tinged with mockery. Meg thought again that she had never imagined that getting an A in geometry would be a cardinal sin. She smoothed her damp hands along her well-padded hips. Apprehensively she raised her brown eyes to the direction of the voice.

"Well, didya?" dripped the tart sarcastic words again. The green-eyed stare that accompanied it also complemented it to its full meaning. Monica Robertson slouched comfortably but purposely just as she did everything else. Seated just behind Meg, her pocketed emerald green jumper clung to her willowy figure and accented the green speculating stare that she transmitted full force at Meg. Her brows arched, making her look perpetually surprised.

Well, ah, ya . . . a little." Meg turned back to the pages of her book in a flustered effort to cover

though she knew many students did cheat, it had never occurred to her that she would almost be required to do so. If you come right down to it, she thought ruefully, I guess my brains are the only thing anyone could have any use for in this school. She half-turned to face Monica, who retained her casual position.

"Care to have your test paper proofread today, Brain?" she threw at her. "Last time you were hardly cooperative."

"B-but how could I possibly—" Meg floundered. "Shh-dummy. Y'know Carl isn't deaf." Monica's face took on a watchful expression.

"Yes, but . . . how? I mean he watches us like a vulture," Meg ventured. "You so much as blink and he's on your back—why, you remember last Friday. . . ."

"I never expect something for nothing," Monica's lowered tones continued. Leaning forward slightly, she paused intertwining the fingers of her slim white hands. A perfectly manicured index finger shot out in Meg's direction. "You know I could put in a good word for you, with the girls, I mean. I mean, if there's one thing you need, kid, it's a friend; and it'd be just as easy for me to help you find some as it would be for you to help my grade."

Meg's fingers, brushing away imaginary strands from her plain face remained suspended in mid air

thou shalt not steal (cont'd)

for the space of a few seconds, then dropped to her carved up desk and began to trace and retrace the grain of the scarred wood. There, it was out again for sure. Monica definitely wanted her to help her cheat. But why, she puzzled to herself. Although her grades were far from honor roll material, she was passing. But look, Dummy, a few weeks restricted at home with homework on the agenda could surely cramp her flourishing social life. Oh, to have problems like that!

Meg's brows nearly met in a collision of concentration above her rather broad freckled nose. It seemed impossible that after all those long weeks that, at Monica's words, she could have all the friends she needed. And to start with Monica Robertson, the girl possessing everything she lacked. She would have gladly traded her cropped cap for the cascade of ebony waves, the faded suntan for alabaster skin, thin pale lips for the fetching pout. Stop kidding yourself, she chided, you're too old for that. But even to be seen with such a girl could boost her sagging morale. It seemed that she made her decision without even knowing it.

"Monica, I—"

"Margaret, I said that there will be no more talking until after the completion of the test," boomed

Scarcely had she laid down her well-chewed pencil and reached for her purse when she felt a gentle insistent prodding at her elbow. Automatically she turned toward the front and began to run her hands down the sides of her skirt to dry her perspiring palms. Suddenly the morning rays filtering in through the window fell upon her like a spotlight when she realized with a genuine panic that Monica was at her again. The urgent poke at her bare arm jolted her with all the shock of an electric current.

Think fast, Dummy, think fast. It's got to be the last problem she's asking about, the twenty-pointer. Okay, so you can't raise your test above your head like a banner so think of something else, . . . Brain. I've got to help her but how do you talk to someone in the row behind you with Mr. R. N. Carl watching you as if he thinks you just may pass his goofy test by copying someone else's answers? The kleenex. Use a kleenex to muffle the sound and hide your trembling lips.

Even as she began digging industriously in her purse, she couldn't help but question just why she was taking such a chance. Why risk your average, the honor roll, and discrediting yourself in front of a teacher for someone who finds it in her heart to talk to you only when her curfew is endangered?

forgotten about him. She stole a furtive glance over her shoulder to Monica.

"Eyes to the front! Not that I want to mention names, but that goes for the entire class," Mr. Carl concluded. He handed out the test papers and then assumed his customary perch on the left side of his desk, draping his lank frame on its corner. His rustled sandy hair and almost shabby attire were more characteristic of a brooding young hippie than of a mathematical genius. But regardless of his deceiving appearance, Mr. Carl always wielded a time-beaten yardstick to rap a stealthy-eyed, note-passing student. This usually resulted in one of his outbursts of promised punishment and an eventual detention hour and trip to the office. Therefore Meg was not about to risk even a glance after his last warning.

Instead, she dismissed all thoughts except those pertaining to the task at hand; and without any real difficulty, she whizzed through the exam. It was with a sigh of relief, nonetheless, when she had re-checked her work and turned her paper over, face down. Not once had she found it necessary to consult the ceiling for hidden answers in its discolored and perforated surface. The faded peach walls and chalk-dusted green blackboard were also left unquestioned by her, although the better part of the class was shooting beseeching glances skyward.

science at it again. But my average is high enough, she countered, that even a zero won't kill it. C'mon, Dummy, the hour is almost over. You can't help her after she hands in the test. Now where's the vulture hovering now? Right, he's over by Jeff. It's now or never.

Leaning back as far as she dared in fear of tipping over backwards, Meg stole a glance from the corner of her eye towards Monica. She, Monica, remained with head bent over her smeared and blotched test. Her only acknowledgment of Meg's stealthy gaze was a careless swing of her limp hand over the arm of her desk. Meg slowly raised the kleenex that she had been kneading, and put it to her nose and mouth. Half-turning to face the window, she twisted her head back and began in muffled whispers to try to find out just what Monica's problem was. Barely moving her pursed lips, Monica begged off the last answers to the last question, all the while remaining virtually immobile. Meg's face became flushed now in the awkwardness of her position, legs half-facing the front and torso twisted painfully in a corkscrew fashion. Whether it was her distracted nerves that caused her to speak more loudly or just what, she'd never know but then—Whack! The whole desk shattered with the impact of the hardwood ruler just as Meg did inwardly as she glanced at Mr. Carl's accusing face.

His hawk-like hand shot out and whisked the test paper from beneath her clenched hands. With de-

thou shalt not steal (cont'd)

liberate smoothness, he tore the test vertically, looking like he relished the prospect of doing the same to its owner. After shredding the test a little more, he dropped its remnants and with blue-veined hands grasped the ruler once more.

"Margaret, I regret having to do this, but since this isn't the first case of cheating I have found, I feel that another example must be made." His tight voice droned on, but Meg was oblivious to everything but the faces around her. Mr. Carl, the old buzzard, was certain he had caught her red-handed in cheating, as he indeed had. But instead of the sympathy a class displays to one of its unfortunate members when caught in a misdemeanor, an impersonal air of expectation could be seen in the faces of all the students around her. She wished she could see Monica's expression, but she didn't dare turn her back on Mr. Carl and further incriminate her.

Monica. Yes, she'd tell everyone how Meg didn't try to implicate her . . . how Meg took it all from Mr. Carl and tried to help her on the test . . . how Meg could be trusted . . . what a good friend Meg would make.

" . . . and furthermore your grade for this entire six weeks will revert to an F," Mr. Carl went on. "Honestly, Margaret, I can't think what could cause

arm of the desk, only more intensely when she felt the prodding shake of a boy in the front row.

"What'd you do that for?" he asked not so kindly. "Geez, you're as dumb as you look. At least everybody respected your grades if nothing else. Before, that is. Now you even managed to blow that." He then turned his pocky face to another boy to discuss the pros and cons of cheating.

The bell rang with piercing clarity and the class had recovered its usual vitality, moving in hordes toward the door. Meg edged her way out of the undersized desk and slowly gathered her books into her arms. As she turned to lift the purse that hung over the side of the desk, she saw Monica chattering away as always.

"Well, how do you think you did on the test, Monica?" a girl's voice asked.

"I really did all right this time. The twenty-pointer was a breeze," was the reply, tinged with a smile.

Meg shuffled out after them, degraded and alone.

you I had a truly commendable student that had an interest in mathematics. Now I can only wonder just how much of your other tests this six weeks was your own work." In this final discourse, Mr. Carl ran his hands through the thick patch of hair above his right eye, and then called for the rest of the tests. The customary murmuring and half-hearted complaints were absent and everyone waited for the bell in silence. Mr. Carl walked listlessly to the desk; and after staring at the stack of tests, deposited there, he suddenly bolted for the door and slammed it behind him.

Meg fully expected Monica now to burst into a detailed explanation of her generosity. She had kept her part of the bargain and naturally expected to be reimbursed. The prolonged silence behind her made her nervous, and she jerkily swiveled to face Monica. Monica, who had been studying the squared toes of her shoes, looked past her or rather through her and struck up a conversation with the curly-headed girl across the aisle. Following her initiative, the rest of the class burst into a rather loud, but usual post-test conversational tone.

Meg was stunned. They were ignoring her just as they always did; and the knowledge of it made her sink a little deeper into the muck of her re-turning insecurity. She studied the graffiti of the

electric fog

by randy gehres

like electric fog
the mind of youth

flashes of truth
illusions of right
joined in hope
muddled in cloudy confusion

visions

purpose of life
absolute love
war and peace
irrelevant church
God and self

imprisoned in the mind
by a silent society
like indistinct fog

lost genius
electric fog



sea of brilliance

by robert montaner

I have tasted the wild honey
of insatiable youth,
Drunk the bitter-sweet blood of
destiny,
And tread the dark, mysterious
waters of semi-consciousness,
surrendering my soul to the
kiss of life and death.
But the blazing fire of my soul
has yet to light the way to a
land where black is white, and
white is grey, and shadows are
but an illusion in a sea of
brilliance.
Let us then join hands and
search together.
For the dawn is breaking and
night is but a vague memory
in a land of dreams

TRINA COPEY suggests that I try to be better writing has been "to people, not about them or about abstracts. I use poetry to give something of myself to another person. RUTH REITMEIER, INDIANOLA, IOWA

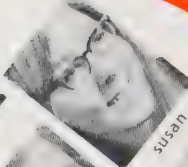
Why do I write? I write because I am a human being experiencing life and wanting to share my experiences with my fellow men. I think the most important lesson I've learned through writing, as expressed in the poem "You Are Leaving," is that, try as we may, we shall never find adequate means of expression for those things that we feel the deepest inside—nor "should" we be able to. Their very singularity makes them the most real. WAYNE BARTS, BREMEN, IND., / I have always loved to write. However, during the school year I had very little time to write on my own. That is why I wrote poetry—it comes to me quicker and therefore takes less time to write than prose. Concerning the poem "Heart," I would like to confess it was more of an experiment than anything else. I wanted to see what sort of poem would "come out" if I just wrote down what came into my mind. LINDA SONNICHSEN, MT. LAKES N.J., 18/1 began taking pictures as souvenirs of trips, but eventually I became more interested in photography as an art form. It has become important to me as a means of expressing moods and ideas, of capturing the emotion of a moment and transmitting it into a visual context. I feel that light is essential in an attempt to convey feelings through a photograph—I am an impressionist at heart. "Free" was taken at dusk, which, to me, is a time for pausing in the relative tranquillity of evening and reveling in life. SUSAN KLECKNER, YORK, PA., / Simple line drawings fascinate me because the artist can say so much with only a few free strokes. One was sent to Moore College as part of my portfolio for admission in September. "Sigh" was done with the thought of drawing as much as I could without breaking the line and with no erasures. The result of this method always surprises me with its childish simplicity and a certain amount of charm. PATRICIA MANCHESTER, DORCHESTER, MASS., 17/ / See You Later, Crocodile" demonstrates my interest in the fact that I think people are basically alike but are interesting enough to consider themselves individuals and actually convince each other that they are. In non-fiction I aim for factual confrontations using blunt, action-promoting words, and in fiction I try to reveal basic truths about man; if possible, in a matter-of-fact style. THOM ATKINS, HAYVER



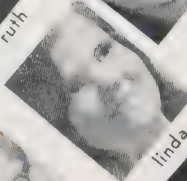
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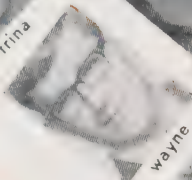
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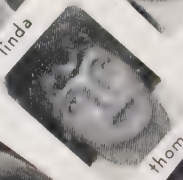
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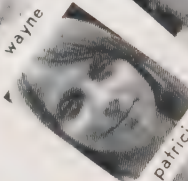
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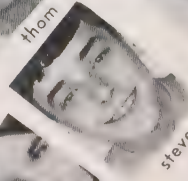
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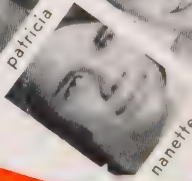
bob



patricia



steve



nanette

becky



and also. I just like the way words sound together. "Our Own Very Home" was written for a girl that I knew a few years ago. I wish the girl would have been as "excellent" as the writing she inspired. BECKY CHAPMAN, MONROE, WIS. 17/1 believe that I am becoming much more active in art expression because of all the problems we have in the United States. I want to express myself about these problems. I write about poverty, war and racism and I enjoy designing posters on rock and roll groups. The elching "The Lonely Life of John Smith" is about poverty and loneliness as being the average man's problems. NANETTE BURNER MCGAHEYSVILLE, VA., 16/1 have always been interested in writing, but in the last year I have developed my skill through a Speech and Creative Writing Class in school. "Tears" was written during the football season. STEVE DOUTHAT, ALEXANDRIA, KY 14 My photos have won two firsts, two seconds, a third and ten honorable mentions in three years in the Eastman Scholastic Junior Photography competition nationally. Macro—or close-up—photography is the kind I like best because it lets you see things most people don't bother to look at. I usually take these close-up pictures in color with an Alpha that will focus down to seven inches. This spring I decided to try black and white too. I liked the pattern I saw when I looked at our old barbeque grill. I don't take abstract things often. Designs in nature interest me more. I take many insect pictures in our orchard. ROBERT SWEIGERT, SACRAMENTO, CALIF., 17/1 "She is a Stranger" is the one poem of mine that I like most of all. I always remember a time when I was at church in Anaheim, Calif. and I just happened to notice a girl that I thought was very pretty. I was just wondering what she was like. I have also thought that way about pretty girls I have seen walking through the parks around the Capitol here in Sacramento. I probably wrote this poem because it just made me happy to see these girls and find them smiling at me. So besides writing poems to be happy or make someone else happy I think I write because I am happy. PRIS LOWTHER, BURLINGTON IOWA, 17/1 became interested in creative expression through a desire to put moods, feelings and thoughts into words or on film. This desire was prompted by my friends who requested their pictures to be taken. Photography holds a special interest for me because it seems to be able to say so much

daffodils and rabbits

by trina corey

just to hear your voice
even if we only talk of daffodils and rabbits
just to meet your eyes with mine
and see there within them
if not love
at least friendship
but i do not take your friendship grudgingly
because you offer nothing more
i know that neither of us
could be content with
the kind of love
that would exist between us today
so for this day
until tomorrow's morning comes
walk with me through sunset mists and
talk with me of dawn

you are leaving

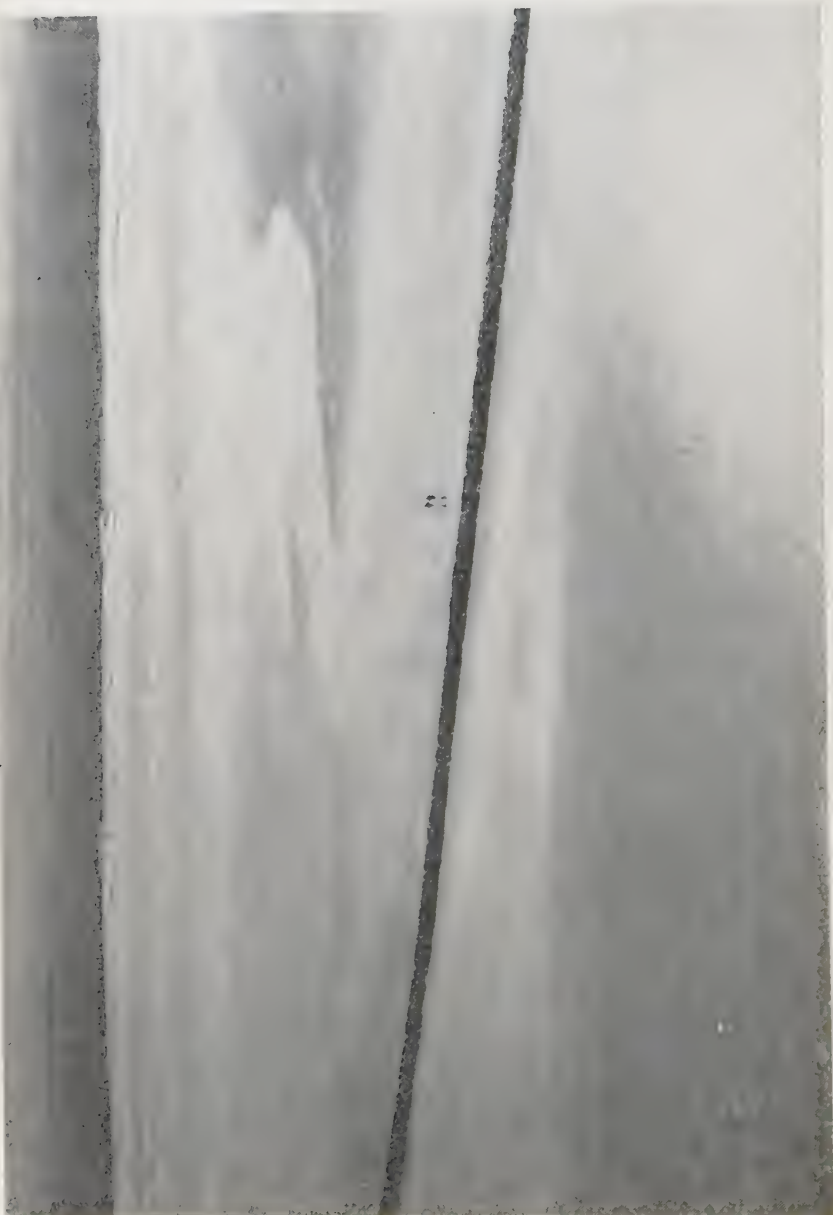
by ruth reitmeier

you are leaving
i want to wish you all the ...
well you know
i mean
i hope it all works out
it's strange
really
we worked so hard at ... being
together
you go in search
i too shall search
apart from you
someday
anyway
it's your time now
i really hope ...
but it doesn't really matter
well
good luck
and ... all that

heart

by wayne barts

The heart doth pound,
Light and heavy,
O hear that sound—
It warns us of impending danger.
The beat soothes us,
As does silence.
O, will it stop and turn to stone?
It will;
If left alone.



sign by susan kleckner



see you later, crocodile

by patricia manchester

February 18 It is snowing, crocodile, and small brother Sam is happy, although why is beyond me because this isn't the first snow or even the first one after the new Christmas sleds. Snow means that the Lowell Street gang will go down to the park to pack the hill down hard and dominate it all day and jump on the little kid's sleds. I went last January as a memorial to my childhood, but Johnny Ferio jumped on my back and said I steered like a girl when we ended up in a snow drift, so I never went again.

February 25 Last night there was still some snow on the hill and the L-Gang went down there at midnight and slid in the dark. Rosie Ferone lives on the other side of the park and her bedroom light was on and I saw them throwing snowballs at her window and later when they crossed the park and walked by my window, Tom Mulley, who is Johnny's best friend, looked up and saw me and

I tried setting my hair like Rosie's, but it looked ridiculous and my mother laughed. She knows more than I thought.

March 12 This morning Rosie said, "Johnny wants to double with someone, I'm not sure who," (which was ridiculous since he always goes everywhere with Tom) and then, as if she didn't know, she said, "You don't have a date for the dance, do you, Marianne?"

March 13 Today Rosie said, "Don't you think Tom Mulley is cute?" and all I said was "Yes, sort of." I am an idiot who lives in a dream world with nothing but self-reassurance and you, a patient crocodile.

March 14 a.m. Rosie said that it is imperative that every member of the Lowell Gang be at the dance and did I remember the time when the Lowells had kept the Jay St. Gang from taking small brother Sam's lollipop? Yes, I remembered.

I got no snowballs.

March 1 Rosie Ferone asked me to go bowling at 29 alleys because she heard that's where the L-Gang are going today. Rosie said that if Johnny Ferio doesn't invite her to the First Day of Spring Dance she'll die.

March 2 I wish I weren't 14 so I could still hate boys, and I also wish that I'd never met Tom Mulley, and that I wouldn't blush. In six years, after Rosie's and Johnny's wedding, I think I'll go into seclusion with only you, crocodile, and write books and forget about everything in the world, even though Tom Mulley does have freckles.

March 10 Johnny asked Rosie and today Rosie and I went in town and Rosie bought a pink dress. She's going to wear eye make-up. I tried some on and I looked like an owl, but Rosie said big eyes are in so we took a walk and saw the Lowell St. Gang and Rosie said, "Hi Johnny, hi Tom," and Johnny said, "Hi Rosie, hi Marianne," and Tom said only "Hi," and I said only, "Hi." This afternoon

said an in one breath, "Would you go to the first day of spring dance with me, Marianne?" And I said, "Not if you're only asking me because Johnny told you to." And he said, "No, I want you to go," and I said, "Good, because I want to."

March 23 The dance was great, crocodile, but not perfect because the boys were shy. Up to the last minute I was scared and almost did what big sister Lois did on her first date, which was to get so scared that she didn't know what to wear and so at eight o'clock she was still in her dungarees. But I didn't; I decided that I had about 5/6 of my life ahead of me, so not to worry. And I didn't. I'm almost glad that the dance wasn't perfect, because now I'll have a normal adolescence. That's silly. Rosie says that I read too much and that life won't have any surprises for me. I don't know about that, though, because last night after the dance Johnny said, "Well, how about it, are you girls going to the April Fool's dance with us?" And Rosie said, "We'd be April Fools if we didn't," and, would you believe it, I laughed.

our own very house

by tom atkins

We'll live in a house
Day some, some time
With padded of ceiling
Entangled with twine
A chandelier moon
Of paper mache
A calendar sun
To tell of the day
With panda bear guards
Our childsons will play
And windows of light
In turrets of clay
We'll live in a house
That, oakened of door
Has rocks in the cellar
And stars on the floor
God in the garret
And we in a room
With sod for a blanket
And flowers in bloom
An auto of scarlet
All furry and down
With cloud in the washer
And bedspread of brown

the lonely life of john smith by becky chapman



So babe if you're lonely
Come, please, peek a peek
And learn what our bliss is
Enhancing, so warm
With love and affection
Amorphous in form
And if you would wreck it
Please sir do not knock
Don't pant at the casement
The door it is lock
Our own very house
Is for us and we few
Not for rag fakers
Like Remus and you

tears

by nanette burnier

The glistening tears flowed quickly down Sheryl's cheeks when she saw glass lying in the road from the accident. The windows of the car began to steam as her warm breath hit them. This would have been Jim Cooper's, her steady, last football game of the season; but instead he was now lying in a hospital, because of an accident that had happened two miles from her house.

Piercing through the darkness, the lights of the hospital reflected on the windshield. The radio blared forth "Never My Love" as Sheryl's sobs echoed in the car, because Jim considered this their song.

As the car came to a screeching halt, Sheryl bolted up the steps to the hospital. After her eyes became accustomed to the lights, they searched around the room. Even though she had been here many times everything was unfamiliar. Over in one corner sat Jim's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, and his fourteen-year-old sister, Wendy.

Sheryl tried to act dignified, but she almost ran over to them. Dabbing tears from her eyes, Mrs. Cooper forced a smile on her face as Sheryl came

Cont'd

forward. She noticed that Wendy's eyes were red and swollen. Mr. Cooper was pacing back and forth in front of Mrs. Cooper, and wringing his hands.

Trying to smile, Mrs. Cooper said, "Sheryl, thank you for coming," as she sat on the sofa.

The question in Sheryl's mind also must have been in her eyes. Mr. Cooper looked at the floor and then at her, "The doctor said he's pretty beat up, and there's a fifty-fifty chance he'll live."

Sheryl sat down beside Mrs. Cooper on the beige colored sofa. Squeezing Sheryl's hand tightly, Mrs. Cooper said, "Doctor Williams said that Jim has lost..." Mrs. Cooper's shoulders shook as she mentioned Jim. Sheryl, trying to control her own tears, placed her arm around Mrs. Cooper.

Trying to take Mrs. Cooper's mind off Jim, Sheryl said, "I know what we all need is some nice hot coffee. Wendy, want to help me get some?"

Wendy blew her nose and wiped her eyes, "Sure, let's go."

Unsteadily Wendy and Sheryl walked down the hall. Passing the nurses' station, the speaker blared forth, "Doctor Jones. Doctor Jones. Operating 1."

Wendy mumbled through her sobs, "That's the operating room Jim's in."

This was almost too much, but Sheryl was determined to stop crying. "Wendy, Jim's going to

Sheryl's own face brightened a little. Jim just had to live.

Mrs. Cooper whispered, "Sheryl, you must be tired. We appreciate your coming, but you don't have to stay."

Quietly Sheryl spoke, "No, I want to stay, but I've got to call my folks. They might be worried." Slowly she walked toward the phone.

The phone rang and rang. Finally Jack, Sheryl's brother, answered, "Hello."

"Jack, this is Sheryl. Are Mom and Dad back yet?"

"No," said Jack. "Where are you, anyway, Sis?"

"I'm at the hospital. Didn't you see my note?"

Well, anyway, tell Mom that Jim pulled through the operation and..." Sheryl couldn't stand it. "Jim's got to live," she cried.

"Sheryl, don't cry. If it helps any, Wayne won tonight, 36-7. That means they are champs," Jack tried to cheer her.

"Thanks Jack," she sobbed, "I'll tell Mr. Cooper. Bye."

The receiver clicked, and Sheryl blew her nose.

Jim would be happy the team had won. She walked out of the phone booth and the door creaked behind her.

As she was walking down the silent hall, a siren pierced the stillness. Sheryl's head began to swim.

ming said, "Dear God, he's got to be all right."

Slowly, but surely they made their way to the snack bar. Sheryl asked for three cups of coffee and a coke. As the girl brought the drinks, the sound of "Doctor Jones. Doctor Jones. Operating I. Scat," echoed through the halls.

Wendy picked up the coke, spilling it on the counter. Wiping up the coke the girl said, "I'll get you another one."

Wendy sat down and broke into tears. "Jim can't die. Jim can't die," she kept repeating.

Trying to hide her own tears, Sheryl said, "Of course he won't die. Now let's take this coffee to your folks." Sheryl fumbled with her purse as she tried to find the right change for the coffee and the coke.

Carefully they picked up the coffee and the coke, and started down the hall. The smell of antiseptic burned Sheryl's nostrils as she walked down the hall. As they passed the nurses' station, Sheryl noticed that it was ten o'clock.

When they reached the waiting room, Doctor Williams was just leaving; Mr. Cooper's tie was untied and crooked; Mrs. Cooper's face was white. The doctor looked at the two girls with sympathy as he passed them.

Mr. Cooper rose to take the coffee and whispered, "Jim pulled through the operation, and now is in an intensive care unit."

Wendy hugged Sheryl and cried silently.

down the hall was a chapel where she could go.

Slowly the door opened as she put all her force behind it, showing a room painted pale green with dark green padded benches. There in the room lighted only by a few candles she saw the figure of a man. She tiptoed forward and sat down near the back. The man turned around, but said nothing.

Sheryl looked up at the wooden cross which hung at the front of the chapel. She realized that this meant more to her now than it ever had. As she prayed softly, the man left. She began to pray, not only for Jim, but also for that man.

After a few minutes she turned to leave. The room looked brighter than when she had entered. Her heart felt lighter, but Sheryl knew her eyes were swollen from crying.

She stopped at the nurses' station and was greeted by a warm smile. Sheryl smiled back and asked, "Could you tell me where I could wash my face?"

The nurse motioned toward a door on the other side of the hall. Sheryl nodded her head in thanks and walked toward the door.

The room was pink and beige with bright lights. After washing her face she put on fresh lipstick and make-up. Walking out of the room, she felt a lot better.

The nurse smiled as Sheryl passed the nurses' station. The clock above the station showed 11 o'clock.

As she walked toward the waiting room, she

tears (cont'd)

remembered that Jack had said that Wayne had won 36-7. She would tell Mr. Cooper. When she neared the waiting room, she heard the voices of her parents. She hurried inside and saw her mother and father talking to Mr. and Mrs. Cooper. Wendy sat in a navy blue chair leafing through a *Seventeen* magazine.

Everyone turned toward Sheryl, and she noticed that everyone looked a little happier. Her father and Mr. Cooper rose as she entered. Mr. Cooper's tie was straight now, and Mrs. Cooper had her color back.

Mr. Cooper beckoned Sheryl to him. "Jim will probably be taken out of intensive care in the next few days. Doctor Williams said that he is doing fine, and he might even be able to play football again, if everything goes all right."

Sheryl's eyes were brimming with tears as Wendy hugged her. Together she and her parents walked out of the warm room into the cold night. She would come see Jim as soon as she could.

she is a stranger

by bob sweigert

I see her at the fair
A special face among
faces everywhere.
I see her at the park
A happy face along
a garden pathway.
I see her in a church
A sincere face among
dull pale others.

Each time it's her
(her eyes tell me)

Each time her face is different
Yet so special and beautiful—always.

Her eyes tell me
Of an empty heart.
Of a time she loved
A soft orange kitten
And how sad was she
When it died.

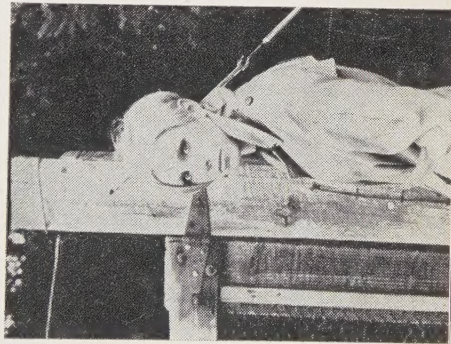
Her eyes tell me



red admiral on apple blossoms



nancy by pris lowther



But never has.
Her smile tells me
Of a joy she feels
Because a sunset
Is such a beautiful thing
To end a day—of any kind.
Her smile tells me
Of a warmth she feels
While Donovan sings
A happy, beautiful song.
Her eyes and smile tell me
Of a life as mine—
Of sincere sadness and joy
As I have felt.
Her eyes and smile tell me
Of an empty space
Beside her—to be filled
By maybe me.
But she's a stranger—
Never once have we said hello
Never have we shared
Something there on one side
And needed on the other.
So different was she each time
Yet still the same as I—
(her eyes and smile tell me).
She is a stranger
That I've loved.

SHEILA WILLIAMS, WEST NEWTON, MASS., 13/ I have always enjoyed art as long as I can remember and it has been my form of free expression. It shows my true feelings about something or the mood that I'm in. I just love it. I had no particular reason for sending "Peace" except that I think some people feel the same way about war that I do. LYNDIA CLARK, LIMA, O., /I have always been interested in art, and I plan to go into the art field, but it hasn't been until just recently that I have been able to connect my emotions with my art work. Creative expression is an outlet for my emotions. I often find myself wrapped up in emotions, contemplating deep thoughts and questioning myself about life and its difficulties. "Struggle" represents to me man's eternal search to find himself, to determine his goals and to strive to reach these goals, and most important, his struggle to find God. MICHAEL BAUMGARTEN, PAWLING, N. Y., /Photography I feel is the most dramatic and obviously realistic medium for the portrayal of man in his thought, his play, his work, and his entire life. In the past year I was editor of the Kent Yearbook. My intention was to put life and action through writing and mainly photography back into the dry and lifeless format of the typical school yearbook. PIERRE OVANIN, MILWAUKEE, WIS., 17/ During the school day I have always looked forward to art class because I could set aside the routine facts and figures of other academic courses and learn how to use my hands to develop and complete a work in one of the many fields of creative expression. I could actually produce something which I could see, feel, and take pride in, or if I was not successful I could at least learn from my mistakes. I will major in art next year at a Wisconsin State College.

KYLE BOSS, MILFORD, CONN., 16/ I became interested in creative expression the day that I found I could reach farther than the length of my arms. Using my mind to create things that have never "been" before is something I have always enjoyed. My poem is a tribute or rather an epitaph to our biology specimens at school. There will always be a place for them in my mind and I pray that their demise was not in vain. PAUL METCALF, WILLOW STREET, PA., 15/ I began drawing at the age of two, being inspired by



sheila



Michael



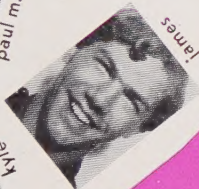
was to do a self-portrait in the exercise. SANDRA VALLIE, YPSILANTI, MICH., 15/1 wrote "A Question of Relationship" while my family was considering the adoption of a child, possibly Negro. One of the points we discussed was the negative reaction we might receive from the people we knew. Although I had thought about equality and brotherhood before, I really started re-examining my thoughts then. Those thoughts, or at least some of them, become concrete in my essay. LINDA ROBINSON, PITTSFORD, VT., 17/1 have always found writing an easy and enjoyable method of expressing my thoughts and feelings. I began writing poetry solely for my own satisfaction. I now realize that it is an effective means of communicating with others. "Thoughts" is special only in that it conveys meanings and ideas very important to me. JAMES SCHUMACHER, ST. LOUIS, MO., 15/1 My kind of creativity can't be distinctly categorized into literature, art, music—it's just another part, integral enough, of LIFE, of meeting and knowing and loving and crying and thinking and laughing and loving again. Creativity is me doing my thing(s) as I want to. I became somewhat involved in writing last summer at the Mark Twain Institute here. I write more poetry than prose, because of TIME (never enough!), but the infinite majority of my poetry is awful. The only good thing is that it seldom makes sense. "The Breaking of the Mold" was an unsuccessful attempt to be simple in my writing. The plot came out differently than I had expected it to. Maybe you shouldn't print any of this—just my picture (upside down, of course), with my favorite semi-original graffiti: FRODO LIVES—WHY DON'T YOU? PAUL LINDEMUTH, KAUNA, WIS., 16/1 first became interested in art quite a few years ago, but I never really got going until last year when I attended an art conference. "Contemplation" was the result of my studies and experiences encountered at the conference. It is based on a search, in this case, a search for one's existence. I expressed one's confusion in this piece of work. NANETTE BURNER, MCGAHEYSVILLE, VA., 16/1 Through writing I am able to express my feelings about the world of today. "One Hot Day" describes the action in the wars over the world in any place or time. Some of my other interests are reading, swimming, and working as a nurse's aide at the hospital.



kyle



paul m.



james



sandra



paul i.



linda



nanette

